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things as they are in themselves, without regard to their relation to the senses, since such an investigation belongs to the science of Metaphysics, which has to deal with the possibility of cognition *à priori*. But still it was necessary to go back so far, even had it been only to repudiate the errors of speculative minds in this respect. And since the knowledge of men through inner experience is of great importance—because he judges others by it—and yet also of greater difficulty—since a self-observer, instead of merely observing the self-consciousness of another, adds much to it,—it is advisable and even necessary to begin with observed phenomena, and only then to progress toward the assertion of axioms which concern the inner nature of man, i.e. toward internal experience.

PHILOSOPHEMES.

By A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

PART III.—The Flight Upwards.

XXV.—*Faith.*

Ever the godlike in us is seeking and aspiring to partake of its kind. Man's soul is greater than his expectations, a spirit incarnate, and at once the occupant of two worlds.

Faith suffices where knowledge is wanting, the things seen being fashioned of the unseen and ideal. Faith gives to knowledge its credibility. Without faith knowledge were phantasmal and shadowy only. We live by faith and not by sight, so far as we live at all. Sight in defining, confines our knowledge also. Faith liberates and unsensualizes, beholding in facts the ideas symbolized hereby, the Spirit these personify.

Living by faith, for the most part, and taking life and things as these appear to the senses, fortunate for us, if, among the authorities of our neighborhood, the friends of our choice, we find some one or more whose words affect us with a power irresistible and by whose counsels we stay our own. Babies, the Spirit feeds us as babies. Nothing short suffices. We thirst for divinity, crave personal objects of

worship. Foundlings here, Nature takes us kindly to her homely breast, weaning us soon—the children of a nobler stock, stronger than her strength, and of an ancestry our step-dame knows not of. “Man is so great that his happiness appears even in the consciousness of his misery.”

’Tis the Godhead at which the soul quarries. Nothing short contents. Too poor to partake of the divine succors at once, man receives by instalments of benefits. His poverty is the capacity for his fullness. Like a babe at the breast, he imbibes according to his measure of the fullness of blessings, through the long season of his immortal Infancy.

Without contentment one is a beggar, whom the possession of all things would neither enrich nor satisfy. Nothing external contents man. Boundless, spaceless, timeless, the soul finds its contentment in its complement alone; is full and rich, wanting nothing, seeking nothing unlike its essential being and fruition. “It were better to live lying on the grass, confiding in divinity and yourself, than to lie in golden bed with perturbation.” One’s estate is personal; none can borrow, beg, or steal it. His principles and character are all that he can bequeath to his successor. Without such personal estate, he were insolvent indeed.

Prayer is purpose, pursuit, thought; silent, spoken, ineffable. And such is its efficacy that it unites all inferior with superior Powers, and all pray but the First. It is by supplication and obedience that the lowest are quickened and strengthened for the service of the highest, and the highest dispense their strength to the humblest, all partaking of the heavenly blessings and sharing in the Spirit’s succors.

The heart conceives what the understanding cannot perceive, nor reason comprehend. Every sense needs the whole mind’s endorsement to make its perceptions trustworthy. Absolute distrust of the mind’s veracity is impossible, since doubt itself implies the recognition of something doubtful; the doubter, namely, thus presupposing and verifying the mind’s existence and credibility. Skepticism attempts to measure the mind by the compasses of sense, which sweep the visible world—the sphere of effects—only, which is cir-

cumscribed, in its turn, by that of causes, into whose circle the understanding cannot extend its reach. The skeptic is a prisoner in the Doubting Castle of the senses, whose wards Faith's key can alone unlock and admit him to the liberties of the mind entire. Inly man's heart is all-related, sympathizes with all, out of whose communion is chaos only and negation. And where no Gods are, spectres alone rule and revel. Solitary and comfortless are those to whom the Comforter never comes.

Life becomes unsound and tame if the divine side of things is not seen and set forth vividly to the affections and thoughts. There is special need of the presence as distinguished from the shadow, things and theories being groundless and negative if starting from sensuous facts instead of spiritual ideas.

Miracles are not violations but the working out of spiritual laws into higher and wider planes of life, the facts seen being hereby interpreted, and answering to a livelier and loftier generalization. Then wonder, surprise, and other emotions, modify the observer's vision—creating, in fact, the spectacle. To the senses all supernatural events are miraculous because transcending their grasp—like life itself and thought, are strange and uninterpretable.

He who marvels at nothing, feels nothing to be mysterious that transcends the senses, lacks wisdom and piety alike. Miracle is the mantle in which all things venerable and divine wrap themselves from profane eyes. A wonderless age is a godless one, an age of reverence is one of piety and intelligence.

Faith is the diviner and critic of all revelations, the living witness of the Spirit in man's soul. And the sacred books owe their credibility to the fact of having been dictated by the Spirit to faith, their sponsor and interpreter. A book written from Reason, reaches the reason alone; fails of meeting the demands of the imagination, the moral sentiment, the heart; fails of making good its claim upon the personality entire. If the voice of the Personal Mind, it speaks to every man, and to each according to the measure of his receptivity. Moreover, every faith has its historic

basis or ground, its roots running deep and piercing the oldest traditions, intertwisting its belief with whatsoever is marvellous in memory, feeding alike the senses and the soul by cropping out into an overshadowing mythology answering to the genius of the race, the period of its origin and history.

Our faiths are instinctive, inborn, become rooted with our affections from the cradle upwards, flowering forth in a homely mythology; then wonder, surprise, credulity, superstition of some sort, qualify insensibly our persuasions, idealize these, and become a part of our personal experience.

As the hands wash the face, so practice purifies faith, and faith clarifies intelligence. Out of the heart are all life's issues, and to that source return for life and replenishment. Faith gives to knowledge its validity. Without faith our knowledge would be vain and unsatisfactory.

Our best acts are above our knowledge and transcendent. "We do not act because we know, but know before we act," says Fichte. Perfect knowledge of what one is doing here profits less. A good act explains itself. Knowing is properly timing our thought in deeds. It is not from without, but from within, that our knowledge dates, and we are *informed*, as the word implies, our thought being formed from within. Unless divinely illuminated, our senses are but blind guides. A faith without some tinge of mysticism is powerless upon the deeper and finer affections. Without ideas transcending the senses, a religion becomes idolatrous and cold.

XXVI.—*Inspiration.*

The message is of more importance than the messenger who brings it; still more important is the divining instinct to read its significance when delivered. The spirit is superior to the text. Faith and inspiration include whatsoever man is and knows. Who but the Spirit shall interpret the spirit? Only the Christs comprehend the Christs fully.

Scripture, being the record of life, is sacred or profane as the life which it records. Every true life becomes a revelation, whether written or not, which the love and joy of man-

kind preserve for mankind. Nor shall the book be sealed while man endures. Current versions may become vitiated and profaned, popular ignorance, base passions be interpolated. But this is revised by prophets holding direct communication with the Spirit, and translating the text anew to the world.

It is life, not scripture—character, not history—that renovates and interprets. The letter vitiates its spirit. Virtue and genius cannot be written. The scribe weaves his mythos of tradition into his text inevitably.

Deeds translate fable into facts, thought into life, freeing from the sorcery of tradition the torpor of habit. It is thus that the Eternal Scriptures become expurgated of the falsehoods interpolated into them by the supineness of the ages. Deeds are the best interpreters of life's text.

Some degree of inspiration is needful to apprehend the words of inspiration. Inspiration, as the word implies, is the Spirit inspired. It takes a man to descry a man, an inspired soul to translate the text of an inspired book. An owl would make nothing of St. John's Gospel. Only as one is in truth does he perceive the truth, the truth being of the reason and breaks forth into the understanding. One must have wrought the miracle to apprehend and interpret it to the understanding: it is transcendent and above the grasp of sense.

Inspiration must find answering inspiration. Unless the senses are opened, and the light fall from the Spirit upon the page, is there answering illumination, though it were the sacred text upon which the eye rests, the mind ponders. It needs a man to perceive a man; an inspired soul to translate the text of the inspired book, and interpret the revelation after it is written. Without such interpretation the page were blank. "If thou beest it, thou seest it."

The quick instincts divine intuitively what the slower reason infers by labored argument. Reason is the Spirit's left hand, instinct its right. At best reason recovers what was lost by lapse from personal integrity, groping amidst the obscurity of the senses, by its finger of logic, for the truths seen and available by the Spirit.

How consummate the logic of Jesus! Salient and subtle, he undermined the premise of his antagonist at a stroke, convicting, if not converting, him out of his own mouth, by the sight of his errors, his duplicity. It was the method of divination, the dialectic of the Spirit dealing directly with the proposition, perceiving intuitively what was in man, uninstructed by "*letters*."

XXVII.—*Knowledge.*

We cannot seek what we have lost save by knowing in what our loss consists, and our seeking implies some faint knowledge of our bereavement. All knowledge, indeed, implies the having had, and the sense of possessing. Strictly speaking, and literally, *knowing* is *nowing*, or having the "now" in our possession; just as *thinking* is *thinging*, or having the thought *thinged* shaped forth or idealized to the eye of the mind, as are things to the senses.

Knowledge, at best, is but the recollection of lost truth; a perception of our ignorance through the eyes of the Divine mind for the moment permitted us, out of whose vision is but chaos and a blank; our sight, as we know it, being the partaking of momentary omniscience and the speculation of immortality therein. To know is to recollect what we had forgotten.

Now, now, thy knowing is but slow;
Thought is the seeing in *the Now*.

XXVIII.—*Love.*

"All was originally one by love, but becomes
Many, and at enmity with itself, through discord."

EMPEDOCLES.

With love abounding knowledge were useless and cumbersome. Knowledge stands in place of love, or deficiency of inspiration. Love is the source of inspiration, the spring of intuition, the fountain of intellect. To know is deceasing from love or pure intelligence, the lapse into error and the senses.

Love is a personal act of the Will entire, One therefore, and alike in God and man. Love is not of kinds. Love is love, and nothing else can enter into and participate in

its essence. It is neither quantitative nor qualitative, but absolute; distinguished not by less or more of itself, but by the less or more we have entered into and partaken of its essence and being. "Love," says Bishop Sherlock, "is a distinct act, and therefore in God must be personal, since there are no accidents in the Godhead."

Love you none? Then are you lost to love. Love is the key to felicity; nor is there a heaven to any who loves not. We enter Paradise through its gates only.

"Love is a circle that doth move
In the same sweet eternity of love."

XXIX.—*Idolatry.*

Only what returns into itself is complete and perfect in and of itself. The Perfect Reason is circular and transcends parallel logic, as the sphere includes and circumscribes all lines radiating from its centre. The spatial and quantitative belong not to Spirit.

Of necessity, the senses are idolaters; conversant with *things* alone, but blind to ideas. It is by thought that the mind delivers itself from the senses, and finds itself personally transcendent and superior to the senses. To think is to be born out of the senses into the mind, and hereby made partaker of ideas.

A faith abstracted from nature and persons, be its pretensions to life and fruitfulness what they may, must be frosted with superstition and chilled with atheism from which the heart turns with dread and aversion. Nature and man must live together in intimate fellowship, or life and hope die out of one's days, and darkness and despair succeed. Even God becomes a phantom if separated and dwelling apart from ourselves. How precious His presence in the person of a friend! Thus Pagan Numa paid to friendship divine honors under the name of *Fides*, whose image was veiled in white, and her symbol two right hands joined—the sign of salutation still with us.

By the man in his senses, God is conceived as clothed in human attributes, an individual like himself. Hence, in times past, the mass of mankind have required their God-

man or mediator between the senses and the mind. It is in this mode that Spirit stoops to incarnate itself to the senses and reveal man to himself in himself. By birth out of his senses, he enters into the kingdom of the mind, being "born again," as Jesus said.

The fact of incarnation is accepted, in one form or another. Thus enlightened Pagans have conceived it were not impious, but rational and humane, to fashion their statues in human resemblance, they conceiving the human form as being nearest and most resembling Divinity; and that it was devout to suppose He would invest that which most resembled Himself in a form symbolizing His nature and essence in the liveliest manner. So Christians, uniting God and man, bring the Personality home to their hearts and thoughts, worshipping the divine in human form.

Because God is Spirit, none by searching shall surprise Him individually and find Him in visible things. He is Great because void of body, and the Universe is spacious by reason of His being forthshadowed in every pulsation and particle of matter. Yet the Universe is not Him: it subsists through Him only. The parts are not the whole, but the whole includes and unites the parts in one. Personality is "*the unit*" that combines, incarnates, and completes created things.

Few persons are thoughtful enough to free their thought of the notion or film of matter, and conceive Spirit in its ideal attributes and personal fullness. It were a theism purely transcendent and mystic, above the grasp of the understanding. What is deepest cannot be adequately expressed. The notion of Spirit is hence indefinite and vague. The faculties grasp all they can, believe far more than any comprehend. The golden buckets are dropped down from the Above, for each to dip its draught of intelligence therefrom according to capacity, be this less or more.

For the most part man dwells on the outskirts and confines of his Personality, exiled by ignorance from his homestead and haunt in the mind, the palace of thought and of ideas. Sure of his feet, he ventures timidly to spread his wings, if aware he has them, yet sticks fast for the most

part in the terra-firma of his senses, blind to the *firma aura* whereinto he might soar and survey the horizon of the mind. If once emancipated by thought from things, a new heaven and earth rise in prospect, built marvellously out of the familiar world he had dwelt in so long.

Born into the institutions, the customs and traditions of his neighborhood, as into his body, by thought alone man attains his second birth, becomes the denizen of his mind, the occupant of his Person. The process may be life-long, may not transpire during a life-time,—multitudes as yet abiding within the confines of their ancestral surroundings, unconscious of the wide-lying territory stretching beyond their narrow horizon.

XXX.—*Aspirations.*

“ ——— The busy mint
Of our laborious thought is ever going
And coining new desires.”

Good thoughts deify the thinker; noble deeds, the actor. The dilation of the soul at these visitations of God is like that of the invalid again inhaling the mountain breeze after long confinement in chambers. She then feels herself the noble bird whose eyrie is in the empyrean, plumes herself as she bathes her bosom in the ether, to soar and sing with the seraphim.

Born daily out of a world of wonders into a world of wonders, that faith is most ennobling, which, answering to one's highest aspirations, touches all things meanwhile with the hues of an invisible world. And how vastly is life's aspect, the sphere of one's present activity widened and ennobled the moment there step spiritual agents upon the stage, and he holds conscious communication with unseen Powers!

The higher one's ideals, the nobler his future. There can be nothing in life sublime and sustaining without faith in one's immortality. Let him live superior to sense and precedent, vigilant, persistent; he shall not question his longevity; his hope will be infinite. The world can neither contain nor content him. But if, creeping daily from the haunts of an ignoble past, like a beast from his burrow, neither earth

nor sky, man nor God, appear desirable or lovely in his eyes. His life becomes loathsome, his future but reflects his fears.

"The vulgar saw thy tower, thou sawest the sun."

Who lives nobly inspires admiration. Beauty is of divine origin, and draws forth admiration from all beholders,

Believe, youth, the oracles your heart utters; trust its instructive auguries, follow its divine leadings. The heart is the soul's prophet and fulfils its prophecies. But for the prophecy the history would not ensue. Let the flame of enthusiasm always fire your bosom. Enthusiasm is the hope of the world. It has wrought the miracles from the beginning of time. Despair snuffs the sun from the firmament. "Let your soul," says Marcus Aurelius, "receive the deity as your blood receives the air; for the influences of the one are no less vital than the other. For there is an ambient, omnipresent Spirit which lies as open and pervious to your mind as the air you breathe into your lungs. But then you must remember to be disposed to draw it."

Being an instinct of man's nature, religion seeks to become a life in him and a light. Being personal, it is inspired personally, best by personal persuasion, living examples. It has doctrines, to be sure, its creeds, rituals, sacraments, symbols; but these must be warmed into significance by living. It is a life lived above the senses, and a light to them. If eyes are wanted, it creates these for seeing; ears for hearing, head to understand its mysteries; since the Spirit alone divines the Spirit's teachings.

The Person is immortal. Man must be born again to become conscious of the life everlasting. But remember the individual is but your perishable self, and that you cannot divest your personal self of an immortality of conscious existence.

By our first birth we are born into individualism, the sphere of the senses; by our second, delivered from this into personality. But not all are thus favored. Multitudes remain unconscious of that realm of realities wherein they become united with all mankind in sympathy and thought. Happy they who are admitted into this spiritual world, be-

ing transformed from creatures individually separate into persons all related !

Individualism persisted in practically, and to its legitimate issues, ends in isolation, ends in suicide. It breaks itself on the wheel it sets in motion. Only by sympathy and concert with mankind, is the life everlasting, the friendship that giveth peace, attainable here or hereafter.

XXXI.—*Divination.*

Divination, though not reducible to the canons of Pure Reason, is yet the subtlest and surest of the powers, the revealer of the drift of instinct and of sensibility. The voice of the Spirit, it announces the revelations of the Person entire. The presentiments are oracular. Reason surrenders its truths to its suggestions ; Imagination idealizes, Conscience legalizes them. Reason, predominating over the other faculties, gives the philosopher ; Imagination, the poet ; Conscience, the saint. The Diviner includes these, and declares the Personality entire.

Divination is initial, inclusive of the acts of all powers of thought and of sensibility. All animals are slight diviners, each species according to type of gift and organs of sense. Animals divine, but do not know in the sense of thinking as man knows. Man knows and divines, his divining being confirmed by his reason and the testimonies of the senses. Divination precedes and delivers knowledge to the understanding.

Our instincts, like birds of passage, drift us adventurously beyond the horizon of the senses, as if intent on convoying the mind on its returning flight to the mother country whence it had flown.

“ You cannot understand the oracle with vehemence,
But with thought’s divining torch transcend all limits
In the idea. This you must apprehend fully
By inclining not eagerly your pure inquiring eyesight.”

“ I shall commend to them that would successfully philosophize, the belief and endeavor after a certain principle more noble and inward than reason itself, and without which reason would falter, or at least reach but to mean and frivolous

ends. I have a sense of something in me while I thus speak, which, I must confess, is of so retruse a nature that I have no name for it, unless I should adventure to term it divine sagacity, which is the first use of a successful reason." *

HENRY MORE.

XXXII.—*Dormancy.*

"Sense (says Plotinus) is but the employment of the dormant soul. So much of the soul as is merged in body, so far it sleeps. And its vigilance is an ascent from the body, since a resurrection with a body were but a transformation from sleep to sleep and from dream to dream, like mere passing in the dark from bed to bed. That alone is the real ascension which frees the soul from shadowy essence of body."†

Life's end is meant to extract the drowsiness by infusing the persistent wakefulness. At best, our mortality appears but a suspended animation, and the soul meanwhile awaiting its summons to awaken into the sleeplessness of its proper immortality. Thus quickened throughout, and astir as not before, and aroused from the slumbers in which the senses had steeped us meanwhile, we behold ourselves as we were beasts, dragged from our burrows into the life and splendors of an eternal day.

Every act of sleep is a metamorphosis of body and a metempsychosis of soul. We lapse out of nature into the preëxistent lives of memory through the gate of dreams; memory and imagination being the two-leaved gate of the Spirit, opening into its past and future periods.

Doubtless there are divinations which sleep may stimulate into wonderful vivacity, and reveal secrets inaccessible to our ordinary wakeful intelligence. But whether we are warranted in availing ourselves of these by voluntary provocatives may be gravely questioned. There is a preternatural realm into which we may be ushered, and sometimes per-

* "Some things, Telemachus, thou wilt thyself
Find in thy heart, but others will a God
Suggest: for I do not conceive thou hast
Been born and brought up 'gainst the will of God."

† "Sense is that part of the soul that sleeps; for that part which is immersed into the body is, as it were, asleep."

mitted to bring therefrom wondrous revelations. Yet for the most part these are touched with something ghastly and unwholesome as if stolen, and shrouded with grave doubts of their veracity. What comes through our wakeful thought stamps itself as credible; the forehead and crown leave their seals upon it. Not thus authentic are the revelations coming through occiput and spine. The wakeful diviner sees deeper than the somnolent, and reveals mysteries beyond his ken. Whom the gods love, to these they whisper in open day what is but faintly disclosed in the night of dreams. It is the eye within the eye that beholds divinity. What comes to us unsought, and when we are vigilant, is honestly ours and veritable. Nothing more strange to mind than mind itself, thought alone dispelling the phantoms that the want of it had provoked. Nature fits mankind, like waistcoat and bodice, closely or loosely, according to predisposition and choice; to the wise and upright, a flowing garment; to the foolish and base, a close jacket, a web of Fate.

All life is eternal life; there is no other. And unrest is the soul's struggle to reassure herself of her inborn immortality, to recover her lost inaction of the same by reason of her lapse into the idolatries of flesh and sense. Her discomfort reveals her loss of integrity, of the divine Presence and immanency. Only by fidelity can she reinstate herself in holiness. "God is present to him that can touch Him; but to him that cannot, He is not present. And there lieth our happiness; and to be removed from hence is but to partake less of being."

Even our senses furnish illustration of the soul's immateriality in the perishing substances of which themselves are organized, as they were life's effigy and weed. Superior to all changes of substance, the soul converts these into similitudes of its own imperishableness, lends them their seeming consistency and permanency for the time. Yet a thought dispels the illusion and dissipates the fleeting show in a moment.

"Invisibilia non decipiunt."

We seek what we have lost, our desires being obscure memories of past possessions. "The power which desires pos-

sessing in itself a vestige of what it once enjoyed, not as memory, but as disposition," our passions being lapsed affections dragged below their objects and restless to recover their former placidity, peace, and beatitude.*

To sleep is another and significant illustration of immortality. Shall I question that I am now, because I was unconscious that I was while sleeping, or forget, perchance, what I then experienced now that I have awakened to consciousness? I am sure of being the same person I then was, and thread my existence still by the memory of my lost sensations, thoughts, and deeds. I am conscious of being unconscious, and overlook my yesterdays and to-morrows alike in thought as I recall the one and forestall the other.

"O Lord, my God, am I not I even in my sleep? And yet such a difference there is between myself and myself, and between the instants wherein I go from waking to sleeping, and return from sleeping to waking! Is my reason, then, shut up with my eye? Is it cast into a slumber with the senses of my body?"

St. Augustine's Confessions.

The more of sleep, the more of retrospect; the more of wakefulness, the more of prospect; memory and imagination pre-dating and post-dating our personal pedigree and history. Memory marks the horizon of consciousness, imagination its zenith, and together shape the soul's eternity of existence, past, and future. As conception precedes birth, and life quickens life, in like manner our souls, from their nature and tendency, must have lived and thought before they assumed a bodily form. Before the heavens thou art, and shalt survive their decay. If one would learn his age and trace his ancestry, let him consult an older genealogy than that of the heavens.

"For souls that of His own good life partake
He loves as His own Self: dear as His eye
They are to Him. He'll never them forsake.
When they shall die, then God Himself shall die.
They live, they live in blest eternity."

* "If the soul be older than the body, then must the things of the soul also be older than those of the body; and therefore cogitation, and the several species of it, must be, in the order of nature, not only before local motion, but also before longitude, latitude, and profundity of bodies."

XXXIII.—*Reminiscence.*

A life without perspective tells its story imperfectly. Our better self antedates and survives the rest of us. Our genealogy opens before our descent into mortality: 'tis this better self, the immortal, whose history challenges our telling, and which alone furnishes the key to unlock the mortal. Our heart's chronometer is set to ampler cycles than our terrestrial timepieces can indicate or measure.

Heart, my heart, whose seconds' play,
Beats true my dotted destiny,
Dost all my life's terrestrial day
Dial on time my spent eternity.

I am before I find myself; for, as conception precedes birth and quickens life's pulses, in like manner our souls, from their genius and tendencies, must have lived and thought before they assumed a bodily form. "Memory; is a certain appearance left in the mind by some sense which had actually wrought before."

Says St. Augustine, "We have not utterly forgotten that which we remember ourselves to have forgotten. What, then, we have utterly forgotten, if lost, we cannot seek again." For we seek only what we have lost but not forgotten. And all men seek immortal enjoyments and an unending existence. Are not all men, therefore, by their own feelings, immortal and eternal? To forget one's self were annihilation; only what is not lost is immortal.

"If souls retained, in their descent to bodies, the memory of divine concerns of which they were conscious in the heavens, there would not be dissensions among men about divinity. But all indeed, in descending, drink of oblivion, though some more, and others less. On this account, though truth is not apparent to all men on the earth, yet all have their opinions about it, *because a defect of memory is the origin of opinion.* But those discern most who have drunk least of oblivion, because they easily remember what they had then before in the heavens."

PYTHAGORAS.

"Memory," says Plato "is a preservation of sensation. It differs from recollection in that what the soul has suffered with the body, it now does without the body as much as

possible recover or remember. Moreover, when the soul, after losing the memory of things perceived, brings them back again by itself, then it recollects and remembers."

Memory is the reminder of personal immortality; it chronicles the vestiges of ourselves in the foretimes of our personal existence, recollecting the members of our experience. Without memory the world were not distinguished from our personal self, and experience were impossible. Only the immortal and infinite is memorable; of the perishable and fleeting, nothing abides or remains. Sensations pass; memories only remain of what is permanent and abiding.

Time and space are the measures which the mind conceives for enabling the senses to apprehend by means of their counters the world of finite things—the images of the infinite cast upon the finite, the mind being itself timeless and spaceless. Time is the measure of motion, and space of shape.

Nature, viewed spiritually and essentially, is a visual demonstration of the soul's personal pedigree and longevity.

The one through all in cycles goes,
And all to one returning flows.

There must be mind to assert the existence of matter. "To say there is no bridge from mind to matter, is to deny the possibility of knowing there is such a thing as matter, for the assertion sets out from mind." And only mind can affirm or deny anything; not even mind deny mind, that being itself affirmation and self-being. All things, visible and invisible, resolve themselves into their contraries; and cycle and circle, globe and sphere, are the only figures and motions in existence. Nature knows no straight lines.

XXXIV.—*Immortality.*

We are wont to perceive our relations to the animal more distinctly than to the spiritual, accepting more readily a material than an immaterial descent and destiny; dubious, meanwhile, or adrift, as to our personal origin.

We date our personal existence from our appearance on this globe, as recorded in the family registry of our birth into a body. But can our future be fathomed any better

than our past? How old are we? Does the family register tell? Our personality became individualized and apparent, but did we then and there become ourself? Are we sure of being no older than our bodies, and of surviving them? Could you date your age, you would be older than that, and another than yourself, since whatever never began to be can never cease to be. What began in time ends in time—time being the measure of perishable things. The timeless Person reveals Personality to souls timeless like Himself; nor can any think himself perishable, since the supposition involves the thinking away of his thought, annihilates mind itself. Because he is, he cannot think he is *not*—or *annihilated* into nothing. Nothing cannot be thought, since it is beingless, the absence of thought. Nothing is nothing, and cannot be conceived as something. It is predicateless and void.*

Plainly, whatever had a beginning comes of necessity to its end, since it has not the principle of perpetuity inherent in itself. And there is that in man which cannot think annihilation, but thinks continuance by the law of its being. It presupposes immortality in its thought of God, and itself in His likeness, asserting hereby its essential immortality. Like creates its like, same conceives the same. Things similar have an identical origin and essential unity. Because man is, therefore God is; and as God is, so is man.

The mind cannot by effort of thinking think itself out of existence: nothing is unthinkable, and mind thinks thoughts which thought *things* or represents as *effects* of its thinking. Thinking is literally *thinging*—the putting of thought into things to represent and image acts of thought. And thought is essentially creative—the shaping forth of itself in ideas, whereby it moulds its forms, and renders itself apparent to the senses.

“We may be justified in asserting,” says Wordsworth, “that the *sense* of Immortality, if not a coëxistent or of twin-birth with Reason, is among the earliest of her offspring; and we may further assert, that, from these conjoined, and

* “The essence of nothing is reached into by the senses looking outward, but by the mind looking inward into itself.”

under their continuance, the human affections are gradually formed and opened out.”*

Were man personally finite he could not conceive of infinity; were he mortal, he could not think immortality. The finite, the mortal, are terms negative, adjective, and imply predicates. The inclusive has nothing beside or without itself, antecedent nor subsequent. Personality includes every attribute of infinity, every power. If personal, I share in and am identical with every attribute of Personality. I am one with Him and inseparably.†

If God be eternal and man partakes of His attributes, man is of necessity immortal. For how could an immortal being create anything mortal from his own essence? And if out of other essences or materials, then there were other Gods and other substances coeval with Him; and He were not the God of the living, but of the perishable.

By no effort can the mind transcend itself. Even were this possible, mind itself would lack symbols for expressing the transcendency, since Nature symbolizes only what the mind contains—namely, its ideas. And it is by divination alone that the mind frees itself in thought from symbol and type; the senses being idolaters, conversant with things, not ideas. And because mind is infinite, therefore is God ineffable. None by searching shall find Him *out* of his mind, in surrounding things. Who finds Him, finds Him *nearest*, *within* his own soul.

Without the thread of personality, no clue is found to conduct man beyond into a certain future of continuance. Per-

* “Soul is the oldest of all things in the corporeal world, it being the principle of all the motion and generation in it. It is affirmed by us that soul is older than body and was before it, and body younger and junior to soul; soul being that which rules, and body that which is ruled. From whence it follows that the things of soul are older than are the things of body; and therefore cogitation, intellection, volition, and appetite, are in order of Nature before length, breadth, and profundity.”
PLATO.

† “It is proper,” says Plato, “for any person to understand so much as this: that the generation of man neither had any beginning at all, nor will it have an end, but always was and always will be; or that the length of time which from its beginning took place is so measureless that time would not know it.”

sonality is the key to the mystery of human existence; it unlocks every ward of immortality.

First know thyself, and all things see,
God and thy fellow find in thee,
Around, within; for thee is nought
Save what thou findest in thy thought.

S P I N O Z A . *

By A. E. KROEGER.

With the exception of Kant, no modern philosopher probably has been the subject of so much criticism and notice as Spinoza. Indeed, there still seems to hang around his writings a curious fascination, not the less remarkable in that he still seems to be more or less of a puzzle to those he fascinates. The cause of this interest is of a twofold character; first, the personal character of the man, which inspired, as it still inspires, a reverence and admiration that extended to his works, and then from these was reflected back to the man with additional lustre. Second, the style, wherein his chief work, the work by which he became known to later ages, the *Ethics*, was composed,—a style, or method, which he, in imitation of Descartes, called the geometrical method—had about it a proud air of evidence, which aroused wonder where it did not excite implicit faith.

That the personal character of Spinoza was that of a sincere and thoroughly earnest searcher after the true in human knowing, there can be no doubt; but neither is it possible, after a perusal of his letters, to deny the fact, that he was not brave enough—had not character enough, as the Germans would say—to state the result of his investigations with a frankness disregarding all earthly consequences. Even in

* I. Benedict de Spinoza; his Life, Correspondence, and Ethics. By R. Willis, M.D. London: Trübner & Co., 1870.

II. Benedicti de Spinozæ Operæ quæ supersunt omnia. Ex editionibus principibus denuo edidit et præatus est Carolus Hermanus Bruder. Lipsiæ: Tauchnitz, 1843.

III. The Science of Knowledge. Translated from the German of J. G. Fichte, by A. E. Kroeger. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, 1868.